immortality of the ſoul.—But what a weak barrier is truth when it ſtands in the way of an hypotheſis! Rouſſeau reſpected—almoſt adored virtue—and yet he allowed himſelf to love with ſenſual fondneſs. His imagination conſtantly prepared inflammable fewel for his inflammable ſenſes; but, in order to reconcile his reſpect for ſelf-denial, fortitude, and thoſe heroic virtues, which a mind like his could not coolly admire, he labours to invert the law of nature, and broaches a doctrine pregnant with miſchief and derogatory to the character of ſupreme wiſdom.

His ridiculous ſtories, which tend to prove that girls are *naturally* attentive to their perſons, without laying any ſtreſs on daily example, are below contempt.—And that a little miſs ſhould have ſuch a correct taſte as to neglect the pleaſing amuſement of making O's, merely becauſe ſhe perceived that it was an ungraceful attitude, ſhould be ſelected with the anecdotes of the learned pig *.

I have,

* 'I once knew a young perſon who learned to write 'before ſhe learned to read, and began to write with her 'needle before ſhe could uſe a pen. At firſt, indeed, ſhe 'took

I have, probably, had an opportunity of obſerving more girls in their infancy than J. J. Rouſſeau—I can recollect my own feelings, and I have looked ſteadily around me; yet, ſo far from coinciding with him in opinion reſpecting the firſt dawn of the female character, I will venture to affirm, that a girl, whoſe ſpirits have not been damped by inactivity, or innocence tainted by falſe ſhame, will always be a romp, and the doll will never excite attention unleſs confinement allows her no alternative. Girls and boys, in ſhort, would play harmleſsly together, if the diſtinction of ſex was not inculcated long before nature makes any difference.—I will go further, and affirm, as an indiſputable fact, that moſt of the women, in the circle of my

'took it into her head to make no other letter than the O: 'this letter ſhe was conſtantly making of all ſizes, and 'always the wrong way. Unluckily, one day, as ſhe 'was intent on this employment, ſhe happened to ſee her-'ſelf in the looking-glaſs; when, taking a diſlike to the 'conſtrained attitude in which ſhe ſat while writing, ſhe 'threw away her pen, like another Pallas, and determined 'againſt making the O any more. Her brother was alſo 'equally averſe to writing: it was the confinement, how-'ever, and not the conſtrained attitude, that moſt diſ-'guſted him.' *Rouſſeau's Emilius.*